For time is like a fashionable hoast,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th'hand,
And with his armes out-stretcht as he would flie,
Graspes in the commer: the welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Let not vertue seeke,
Remuneration for the thing it was. For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all
To envious and calumniati g time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all with one consent praise new-borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt ore-dusted.
The present eye praises the present obiect.
Then maruell not thou great and complet man,
That all the Greekes begin to worship *Aiax*;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Then what stirs not. The cric went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou wouldst not entombe thy selfe aliue,
And case thy reputation in thy tent.
Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions mongst the gods them selues,
And draue great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue strong reasons.

Vlis. But gainst your priuacie,
The reasons are more potent and heroycall:
Tis knowne *Achilles* that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.

Achil. Ha? knowne.

Vlis. Is that a wonder:
The prouidence thats in a watchfull state,
Knowes almost euery thing,
Findes bottom in the vncomprehensiue depth,
Keepes place with thought and almost like the gods,
Do thoughts vnuaile their dumbe cradles,

There is a mysterie (w
Durst neuer meddle)
Which hath an opera
Then breath or pen c
All the commerse th
As perfectly is ours, a
And better would it
To throw downe *He*
But it must grieue yo
When fame shall in o
And all the Greekish
Great *Hectors* sister d
But our great *Aiax* b
Farewell my Lord: I
The foole slides ore
Patr. To this effec
A woman impudent
Is not more loth'd th
In time of action: I
They thinke my littl
And your great loue
Sweete rouse your le
Shall from your neck
And like dew drop
Be shooke to ayre.
Ach. Shall *Aiax*
Patro. I and perh
Achil. I see my re
My fame is shrowdl
Patro. O then be
Those wounds heale
Omission to doe wh
Seales a commission
And danger like an
Euen then when the
Achil. Go call *T*
Ile send the foole to
T'inuite the Troyan